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WHAT OUR PRISONERS NEED THE MOST.

VICTIM OF LEGISLATIVE DEMAGOGUEY (to PRISON VISITOR).—I don't want tracts, boss — gimme Work, or I'll go crazy!



PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THOSE who have read history may remember that an astronomer named Galileo had, in his time, some slight difficulty in impressing upon the people the fact that the earth moved. He advanced the proposition, and it was met with doubt, and, indeed, positive denial. In fact, "influence" was brought to bear upon Galileo, under which influence he was moved to give his own personal testimony against the theory. In a strictly private and confidential way he withdrew this utterance: still, he went on record as a believer in the stability of this whirling globe, and in so doing he joined the majority of the world's inhabitants. And yet, all the time that the question was under discussion, and even while Galileo was protesting his disbelief in his own theory, this queer old earth was turning and twisting and bowling along through space. The Roman Church could not alter this state of things: Galileo himself had no influence over the solar system. It really did not matter what the Church believed, or what Galileo believed. The earth, calmly and disrespectfully indifferent, kept on rotating, and still rotates in its own independent fashion.

* * *

It does not need a profound knowledge of history nor a remarkably lively imagination to guess at the arguments which the friends of a stationary earth brought against the revolving-globe theory. "Why," they must have said, "if the earth moved, it would shake things up in a most unpleasant manner. It would shake the dishes off the table and throw the goods off the shop shelves. It would give everybody a perpetualague, and it would be the utter ruin of the crockery trade. And then, if the earth really *does* move, why, of course, you'll all be shaken off some time, and sent flying into space, to fall forever. And just think how uncomfortable that would be!" These, no doubt, were the arguments employed, and it must be clear to any one that they were well calculated to appeal to the popular heart. No one desires to have his dinner plates and dishes shaken to the floor and dashed into fragments, and to find that the crockery dealer has nothing but chips of china whereabouts to supply their place. And the prospect of swirling off the earth and tumbling downward through eternity is far from attractive. And yet—the entire civilized world has grown accustomed to the idea of living on a twirling planet; and the planet has twirled for ages before the discussion began, twirled right through the discussion, is twirling now, and will probably continue to twirl for some time to come.

* * *

All of which goes to show that you can not stop the earth's movement by shutting the mouth of the man who declares that it moves. And by parity of reasoning, it shows that the vote of a majority of the States of the Union can not make two and two five. The earth moves, whether Galileo lies about it or no: the man who has two dollars and gets two dollars more can not purchase therewith a five-dollar coat—not while the tailor has to pay four dollars and fifty cents to manufacture the garment. And, to continue the study of the subject by parity of reasoning, it must be obvious that legislation and government decree can no more stop the movement of economic laws than the fiat of the Roman Church could stop the movement of the earth. Two and two will remain four, in spite of all our legislating; competition will still be the life of trade, if the whole power of the government tries to discredit the principle of competition. In the end, the principle must assert itself. "What if a cow gets in the way of your locomotive?" was the question put to old Scotch Stephenson, when he was trying to make people believe in his tea-kettle on rails. "So much the worse for the coo!" responded Mr. Stephenson, who understood the principle of the steam locomotive.

* * *

Remembering these lessons of the past, we can see the futility of the attempt to reorganize the business of the country as a system of "Trusts." It is an attempt made in all seriousness, and supported by the political party at present in power; but its end is as certain as the end of the cow that gets in the path of a locomotive. To the popular mind a "Trust" is something vague and incomprehensible—the word itself is a business technicality but little understood. Only those who

have studied the subject know that the Trust is the very paradox of business—the endeavor to turn trade into a tax-collecting despotism—to put the case very mildly. Now, what is a "Trust"? It is this, in plain English: there are, in this country, 100 manufacturers of a certain article, 90 of these 100 club together and agree to fix the price of their manufacture at a profitable figure, (the amount of the profit being as great as they please,) and to limit the production so that the demand must be always greater than the supply. The other 10 manufacturers try to sell their goods at a fair price. The Trust at once puts down prices so low that the 10 old-fashioned manufacturers are obliged to join the Trust or go out of business in a few weeks or months. When this end is accomplished, the price goes up again—and the consumer pays it, and has no choice but to pay it.

* * *

But, you ask, how about foreign competition? That is easily settled. The Trust has the power of establishing a practically prohibitive duty on all foreign imports which may compete with its own productions. Thus it has the market to itself, and holds the consumer at its mercy.

* * *

Whence does the Trust derive this power? Mainly, we regret to say, from the Senate of the United States. It is in that body, forbidden by the Constitution to originate measures affecting the revenue, that the customs tariff of the nation is practically shaped. There it is that whatever the House of Representatives may offer in the way of legislation is trimmed and clipped and cut and changed end for end, if need be, to suit the demands of the Trusts which have seized upon the business of the country. In that body, which was once supposed to represent the conservative sense of the nation, every measure designed to forward the prosperity of the people is turned into a law for the benefit of the Trusts. Last year the House of Representatives—Representatives of the people—passed a bill reducing the customs duties which made Trusts possible. This year that same bill comes back from the Senate with an "amendment in the nature of a substitute," materially increasing the tariff on every article in the production or sale of which a Trust is interested.

* * *

And yet it must be clear to any man who will think at all that a trade of Trusts is no trade at all, but a mere system of brigandage by which the people are robbed. The system has legislative sanction, but is there any legislature in the world strong enough to establish a system that flies in the face of every law of honest business—that seeks to make the buyer pay more than the thing is worth? We doubt it. It has been established as a fact that the world moves. Startling as the assertion may seem, it will some time be established as a fact that a dollar in the hand of the purchaser need not always turn to fifty-three cents worth of purchasing medium when it falls into the palm of the Trust-protected seller.

We wish to state, simply and truthfully, the case of the convict confined in a New York state-prison. By act of the Legislature (and the Governor) he can no longer work in the prison workshops. He is confined in a cell 7 feet long by (possibly) 3½ feet wide. This cell is one of two tiers built up within a large room. The light is dull at the best; the air is dead and damp. He can not read, most of the time. He can not walk up and down: there is not room enough. He may not talk; and he sees no one except the warders and the prison officials. He goes out of his cell, (walking in lock-step,) for two meals each day—perhaps for a half-hour's exercise. It is not possible to give much freedom, even for exercise, to 1,000 or 1,500 prisoners guarded only by a handful of watchmen. And so he sits in his stone box and grows to be a worse enemy of society than he was when he went in. This is practically solitary confinement. No such cruel punishment was contemplated in our laws. All these men ask or need is work—work of any kind, so it be work—work to keep them in physical health, to keep them from going mad in the silence of their narrow white-washed cells. What they ask for themselves their guardians ask for them. Warden Brush, of Sing Sing, a just and humane man and a strict disciplinarian, has told the pitiful story of an idle prison—and so far as the Legislature at Albany is concerned, he seems to have told it to deaf ears.

THE SEVEN WONDERS.—	Who will be Secretary of State?
	" " " " Treasury?
	" " " " Navy?
	" " " " War?
	" " " " Interior?
	" " " Postmaster-General?
	" " " Attorney-General?

THIS is a sad world, Cedric. The only man on it who is perfectly pure and holy is the policeman on duty. If you think this exaggeration, just call on one of the Police Commissioners when he is trying a string of brass-buttoned delinquents.

"SURRUP;"

HOW IT CAUSED A BOOM FOR THE SOUTH PEGRAM *Herald*.



HE ELDER WAS toiling home through the cold November mists. A sort of gray slush filled the air, like the ghost of the gray mud, escaping toward heaven. The trees were just visible through it, looming up, dim, dark and undefined. Up among their tops, the damp, heavy wind set lazy fog-wreaths wavering about. Down below, the clayey mud stuck to the Elder's feet, and made the walking hard for the old man.

"What ye got in the jug, Elder?" demanded Lemuel Swan, the sexton of the church, as he dawned out of the mist upon the Elder's gaze.

"Sho! that you, Lem'l?" asked the Elder, a trifle disturbed: "I did n't know you at fust — no, I did n't. Whut's in the jug? Oh — surrup — surrup — maple surrup. I heern they

brung some extra good daoun ter the corner store, an' I thought I'd kinder try what 't wuz like. My old woman, she's a powerful hand fer surrup on buckwheat cakes."

"Surrup's good," said Lemuel, with a sententiousness pregnant with meaning. "So's other things." And he moved on his way, and the mist closed in behind him.

The Elder trudged on his way, for more than a mile. Then, in a place where the mist was thick under a double row of elm-trees, he paused, removed the cork from the jug, lifted the vessel to his lips, and took what was probably the longest drink of straight maple syrup on record.

Half an hour later the Elder was going cautiously down his cellar steps, with the jug upon his shoulder, when his wife poked her head out of the kitchen window:

"Why, Father," she exclaimed; "what you got in that jug?"

The Elder craned his head around the jug to look up at her.

"Surrup, Mother," he said, somewhat feebly: "maple surrup. I kind o' thought you was out, an' buckwheat bein' in, I sort o' cal'lated t' lay in ahead —"

"Why, Father," said Mrs. Berry, with surprise and gratification in her tone, "that wuz right forehanding 'f you. We did n't have not to say more'n a pint in the haouse. Put it right on the hangin' shelf, 'n' I'll see to it t'morrer."

The Elder shuffled down the steps; but at the bottom he started nervously, as he heard his wife's voice again.

"Father!"

"Whatsay?" returned the Elder.

"You ain't be'n an' bought a noo jug, have ye? The old un ain't cracked, on'y abaout the nose."

"No, Mother — no, I ain't. They — they loaned me this un daoun ter the store."

And the Elder vanished into the cellar.

Now the Elder fully intended to pay another visit to the corner store the next day, and to take a jug with him, too — an old jug, cracked about the nose. But that day Abner Brown fell from the roof of a house that he was shingling, and the Elder had to serve on the coroner's jury; and in the excitement created by the catastrophe throughout the town of South Pegram, the Elder was swept into a sea of conversation, in which his memory was completely drowned.

Three days later, this neglected duty came back to his mind, and the Elder turned a pale pea-green as his wife observed, in a casual way:

"I w'z right sorry not to git t' the Sewin' Circle tea this a'fternoon, but I did n't jest see my way to, with S'manthy Ann's child'n both daoun with the croup, an' a batch o' pies to make. But, my! I wuz jest *sot* on goin' — waffles 'n' pancakes, they be goin' ter have, an' if thuz one

thing I do admire, it's waffles the way aunt Mary Ann Barker makes 'em. But I jest *did n't* see my way fer to go, nor I could n't make 'em no cake, nor nothin', so I sent over that jug o' surrup you brought home the other day, Father, an' Aunt Mary Ann, she says she'll bring back whut they don't use. Thinks-says-I, Father ain't got no buckwheat yet, an' they'll think a sight more 'f that surrup then they would of the Noo Orlean m'lasses Sary Jane Hance gin'ly gives 'em, so I sent it along. Aunt Mary Ann, she sent back word by Nash's hired man, that I got to take it, that it looked reel clear and fine."



"Whut time," gasped the Elder, huskily, "whut time is this tea ye're talkin' about?"

"Why, 'baout 'n hour ago it begun, I guess — say, Father! Elnathan! Elnathan Berry! where you goin'?"

But Elder Elnathan Berry's coat-tails lay flat on the breeze as he rushed madly toward Aunt Mary Ann Barker's house, where the Sewing Circle met.

He reached his goal in the gathering twilight, and, as he approached the house, he heard a turmoil of strange sounds that sent his heart into his boots. From the East window of the parlor a light shone brightly. The Elder drew near, caught hold of the sill, and pulled himself up to look in.

Aunt Mary Ann Barker, supported by Lemuel Swan's grandmother, the oldest inhabitant of South Pegram, was leading a walk-around in which every member of the Sewing Circle except Mrs. Elnathan Berry had joined. Most of the ladies flourished muffins or pancakes in the electrified air, and the widow of the late Deacon Smillie had her false front

on the end of the hearth-broom, and was swinging it around her head in a way which threatened destruction to the heads of her neighbors. The Elder heard the voices of eighteen jubilant mothers in Israel going up in the wild bacchanalian paean of

"We won't go home till morning!"

and he turned away in profound and cankered grief.

As he turned away, he came face to face with a long, slim man with a sallow skin and weedy whiskers, who stared hard at him out of the gloom. It was the editor of the South Pegram *Herald*.

"Elder," he said: "that wuz your surrup, as I understand it. The power of the press is great. You ain't paid your subscription to the *Herald* yet. Mebbe you'd like to take the organ of enlightenment for two years in advance."

The darkness sank heavier and deeper around the two figures. There was silence while a minute fleeted by. Then the voice of the Editor said: "Thank you, Elder."





THE BETWEEN-THE-ACTS FIEND.

CHORUS OF LONG SUFFERING THEATRE-GOERS.—Don't trouble yourself to go out; have a little of this!

BELINDA'S MUFF.



BELINDA HAS a stunning muff
That warms her lily fingers
Whene'er, in weather wild and rough,
Along the way she lingers.

When down Broadway on airy toe
She lightly wanders shopping,
Then bundles big and little go
Into that muff a-popping :

Her pocketbook, her handkerchief
And silver ash-receivers—
And bronze conceits in vine and leaf
Dream in her castor beavers.

One night when we a-sleighing went,
The snow was all a-glitter,
The black trees in the moonlight bent
The air was sharp and bitter.

I heard no word, not e'en my name,
So loud the sleigh-bells jingled,
Her muff came near, and in the same
Our fingers intermingled.

It seemed as warm as June to me—
I knew no Ice King's fetter—
And that is how I came to be
Her own, for worse or better.

AGREED WITH HIM.

BEGGAR (*preliminarily*).—I've seen better days—
BUSY MAN.—So have I. Looks as if it had set in for an all-day drizzle.
Confoundedly unpleasant. Got to take 'em as they come, though. Tra la la,
—*Texas Siftings*.

The beggar that Charles Lamb met some sixty years ago seems to be determined, even at this late date, to make a little more money off the great humorist's little joke. Charles had little silver or gold; but a word from him appears to have been as good as an annuity.

SO THE clergy are all down on Robert Elsmere! Discerning men! It is certainly far better that the lambs of the flock should pore over the society journals, where some careful collector of our friends' dirty linen holds it up with a chuckle and a leer for us to see,—or the elevating columns of the great dailies, devoted week after week to accounts of women's underclothes and their kisses. "Verily, we are growing hard up for subjects," as the Professor of Anatomy said, when all he could find to dissect was the leg of a table.

THE "FAMILY ENTRANCE" was probably named on the same principle as the asylum which is called a "Home." You never see a family enter one, nor is there any thing homelike about the other.

WORTHY OF HIS NAME.

Dr. PAUL GIBIER proposes to experiment on monkeys with yellow fever germs, and adds: "I suppose I may get the fever myself before finishing my experiments."

There is no doubt about Gibier being game.

HE HAD BEEN THERE.

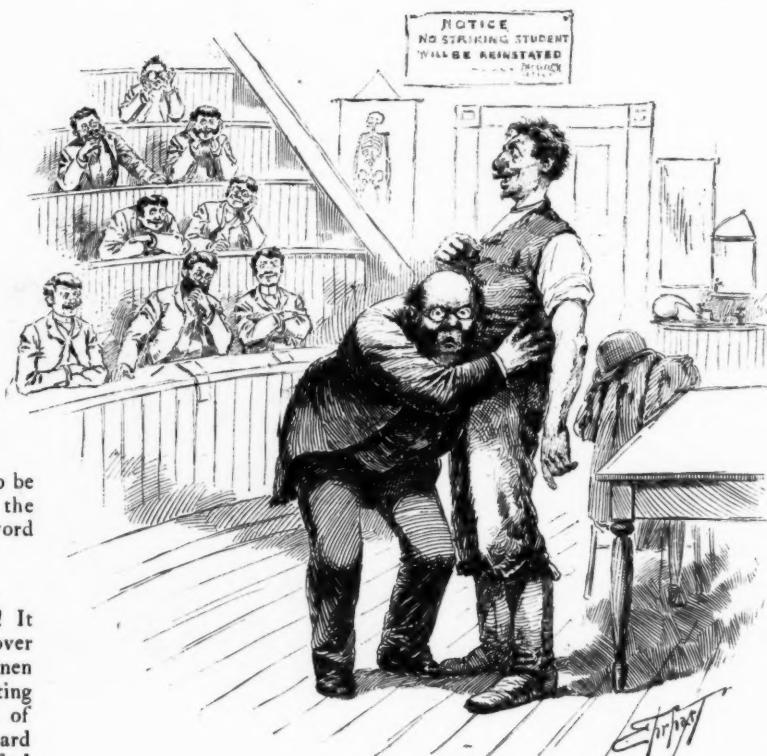
COL. STEERS (*of Montana*).—It seems to me you New Yorkers are entirely too "uppish" and on your dignity. If you only were out where I live, you'd see what Western hospitality is!

MR. MANHATTAN.—I have. I once took a drink with Six-Toed Hank of your town at the point of a pistol!

A COLD-WEATHER SUGGESTION.

HOWELL GIBBON.—Baw Jove, Carper, this is beastly weather. I pahsitive cahn't keep my hands warm.

BARKER CARPER.—Why don't you get over-gaiters for your gloves, as you have for your shoes?

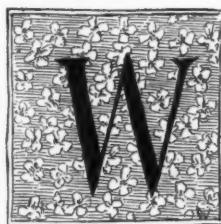


TICKED OFF.

DR. CARDIAC.—This man has the most distinct and peculiar heart-beat I have ever noted.

TOM SETON (*the subject*).—Hit her a little higher up, Doc. I've jest wound my Atterbury watch.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS FOR NARROW PURSES.



WHILE showing the poor but ambitious housewives of the country how to exercise their marvelous finesse on boxes and barrels, on salt mackerel and beets, on "bright, cheap pictures" and calico hangings in such a fashion as to render their homes the envy of the rich but unesthetic, we have by no means forgotten that one of the greatest comforts and one of the crowning evidences of housewifely skill is a reliable and respectful husband; and we now take pleasure in showing

how cheaply and still with what tasteful effect this *desideratum* may be achieved.

Take a common rail off the fence. It need not be heavy, but should be triangular in section. To one end tie a ribbon in a graceful knot; a bunch of forget-me-nots at the other end will have a neat and appropriate appearance. Now call in some of your neighbors to assist you. Do not fear a refusal: there is much more neighborly kindness in these emergencies than may be supposed. Rely on your neighbors. Invite them in. Ask some of the gentlemen to step forward, and place a number of them at each end of the rail. Direct them to lift on the rail, giving it a graceful wave motion. As a mark of respect, appoint your husband master of ceremonies, and give him a seat on the rail. The procession will then move off, and all will join in the triumph. The local talent may be flattered by asking them to recite the lines:

"Aloft in awful state the god-like victor sate."

Guests, and especially those carrying the rail, should be instructed to pay no heed to the polite, but merely formal invitations of the host to take a rest. A coat of tar and feathers will prevent your partner from taking cold by his rapid movement through the air.

A second form of the rail method is said to be fully as good as the first. Follow the directions below, and you will find that you have a genuine home luxury, and at a trifling expense.

Secure your rail, a heavy one. Attach to one end a large chain, and attach the chain to the leg of the husband. This should be done while he is asleep. When he awakes, retire to a little distance until his struggles are somewhat moderated. It is one of the possibilities of this plan that the husband may be reduced in flesh and spirit, making him more ethereal. If this effect is observed, approach him at once, with kind words, and tighten the chain.

The chain and rail combined will keep him from visiting the dram shop; and as he will then be always at home around the evening fireside, the loose end of the rail may be utilized to tuck into the fire. There is always a redeeming grace about the worst men; and bad as you may think your husband, and as much worse as he really is, you may trust him not to let the rail burn too far. Watching the rate of progress will keep his mind employed, and will furnish him a profitable and inexpensive diversion for the long winter evenings.

A little attention to these rules will result in turning what is usually an objectionable feature of the country household into something which is almost presentable; and we do not hesitate to say that after a woman has learned to make the transmutation, she can easily secure a position as alchemist in the Arabian Nights.

Williston Fish.

JUSTICE KEEPS HER HAND FULL.

THE LITTLE JUDGE.—On what grounds do you wish me to hold this man?

OFFICER LAMMEN.—Well, there was a murther committed, sor; and, although Oi haye me doubts about this man bein' the criminal, it would n't do to let him go until we catch another felly.

I. A. M.

MRS. MARTEL (*ironically*).—You seem to be cheerful, John.

MR. HENNESSY MARTEL.—Dunno whether I ought to be, or not, m' dear. Jus' saw the new moon over both shoulders!



THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

BIGBEE.—Wonder what business that man is in?
They say he is deaf and dumb.

CARPER.—Oh, that's Jack Robinson; why, he receives complaints in a railroad office.



SALES-LADY.—C-a-a-ash!
FLOOR WALKER.—Won't you sit down, sir, while you are waiting for your package?



CUSTOMER.—I wuz settin' down, Boss.

THE WORM TURNS.

"Move up there!" roared the Elevated Railroad Guard. "Passengers are not allowed to stand on the platform."

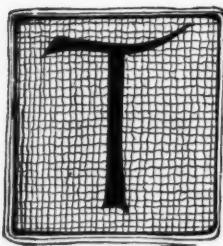
"We're not standing!" gasped a suffocating victim. "We're being 'stood up'!"

AN EPITAPH.

An Epitaph's a "recommend"
They give to folks, when starting
To make their way in parts unknown,
And soothe the pang of parting,
It trumpets all their virtues forth,
For fear you should n't find 'em;
Good character to take ahead,
And leave the bad behind 'em!

Eva Lovett Carson.

THE FUTILE STRUGGLE.



HERE IS no struggle in this world greater than that of a fat man trying to get thin, or a thin man trying to gain flesh. The fat man exercises, and takes Russian baths to pull himself down; and when he stops for a week, he is stouter than ever.

The thin man furnishes himself with farinaceous food, and does n't gain an ounce. He also abandons the luxury of tobacco, without the desired result. He takes Turkish baths that the reaction may build him up; but he has to give this practice up for lack of physique.

The fat man diets for a month and loses a pound; but by this time he feels so weak that he can not help indulging in two or three days' high living. At the end of the third day he is about two pounds heavier than when he began fasting.

In the morning, he takes a pair of six-pound bells and whirls them about for fifteen seconds, and believes he has been using them for five minutes. Then he works on a rowing machine for awhile, which gives him an appetite for breakfast that puts more on him than the exercise has taken off. He reads all sorts of articles, and follows all sorts of rules on the reduction of flesh; but he can no more grow thin than the thin man can grow fat.

When the fat man and the thin man meet, they envy each other.

"Oh, if I only had forty pounds of your flesh!" says the thin man, who looks like a pair of shears.

"How happy I'd be with about half your thinness!" replies the fat man, who loses his wind looking at the thin man.

The city fat man would walk twenty miles a day, he says, if he only lived in the country. He would wander down shady byways in the fresh open air, and revel in the beauty of his surroundings. He can't walk in the city, because it is so noisy and monotonous, and the streets are so crowded; and there is nothing to see, any how.

The country fat man says he would walk twenty miles a day if he only lived in the city. He would live in Harlem, and walk downtown and back every day and never take a car. He would also walk after dinner; because he could walk alone, and yet enjoy a sense of society and companionship on the sidewalks that are always in good condition. He could look at pictures and other interesting objects in shop windows, and if he became weary he could board a car. But the country! He can not walk there without walking alone and going crazy. If he goes out at night, he is likely to trip and drive himself head-first into a ditch; and even in day-light he is apt to go into the mud to his whiskers, because there are no walks.

So the city man does n't walk because he does n't live in the country, and the country man does n't walk because he does n't live in the city. And so they continue, in spite of all their theories and practice, to grow fat gracefully.

R. K. M.

THE LAY OF THE LAND—The Star-Spangled Banner.

Stuck in the Ice.



Struck by a Squall.



Slipping His Cable.

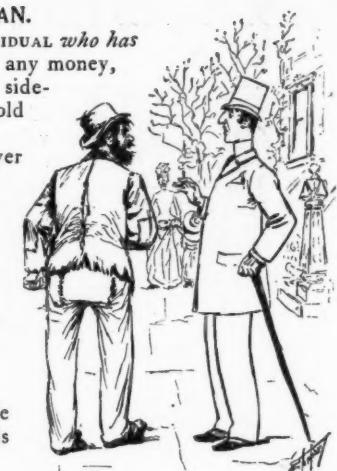


Scudding Under Bare Poles.

HE WAS STILL A MAN.

HOWELL GIBBON (to NEEDY INDIVIDUAL who has asked for relief).—I can't give you any money, me good fellah; but if you call at me side-door to-night you can have some old clothes.

NEEDY INDIVIDUAL.—What d' yer take me for, Mister? I've fallen pretty low, I know; but I ain't no second-hand dude!



A SAD CASE of absence of mind in one so young — The juvenile "I won't."

THE MAN who tries to lead a double life generally ends it by taking his single one.

STUDENTS OF MYTHOLOGY should have discovered long ere this, that the ancient Proteus is only an allegorical impersonation of "the joke that goes the rounds of the press."

HAPPY is the nation which has no history, and happy is the day that has no "Extra" newspapers. Crime alone awakes the multitude's curiosity.

IS IT to keep "Adam's apple" out of sight that the clergy wear such close high collars?

A "SPORT," ELEAZER, is a man whose object in life is to take all the sport out of a sport by making it a brutal exhibition.

THE BANKRUPT never knows how poor he is until he sees the prices brought by a forced sale. This world is always ready to furnish instruction to the unfortunate.

IT is hard to say it, but the American eagle seems to be a mercenary bird. We never see him backing Miss Liberty, unless there is a good deposit of hard money between them.

THE SNUFF-TAKER is generally good at a pinch.

THE CHURCH and the Stage should be more friendly than they are. The average actress can furnish a larger harvest of marriage fees than five ordinary women.

IF IT IS TRUE that the geese pluck their feathers when it snows, then the snow-storm is truly a down-fall.

"I DID N'T KNOW it was loaded," said the tramp, half-apologetically, as he relinquished his effort to move a heavy cart.

LEFT OVER — Playing the Treble with the Other Hand.

IF SOCIETY is a woman's hobby, she is generally a bareback rider.

AT SEA ON THE ICE.



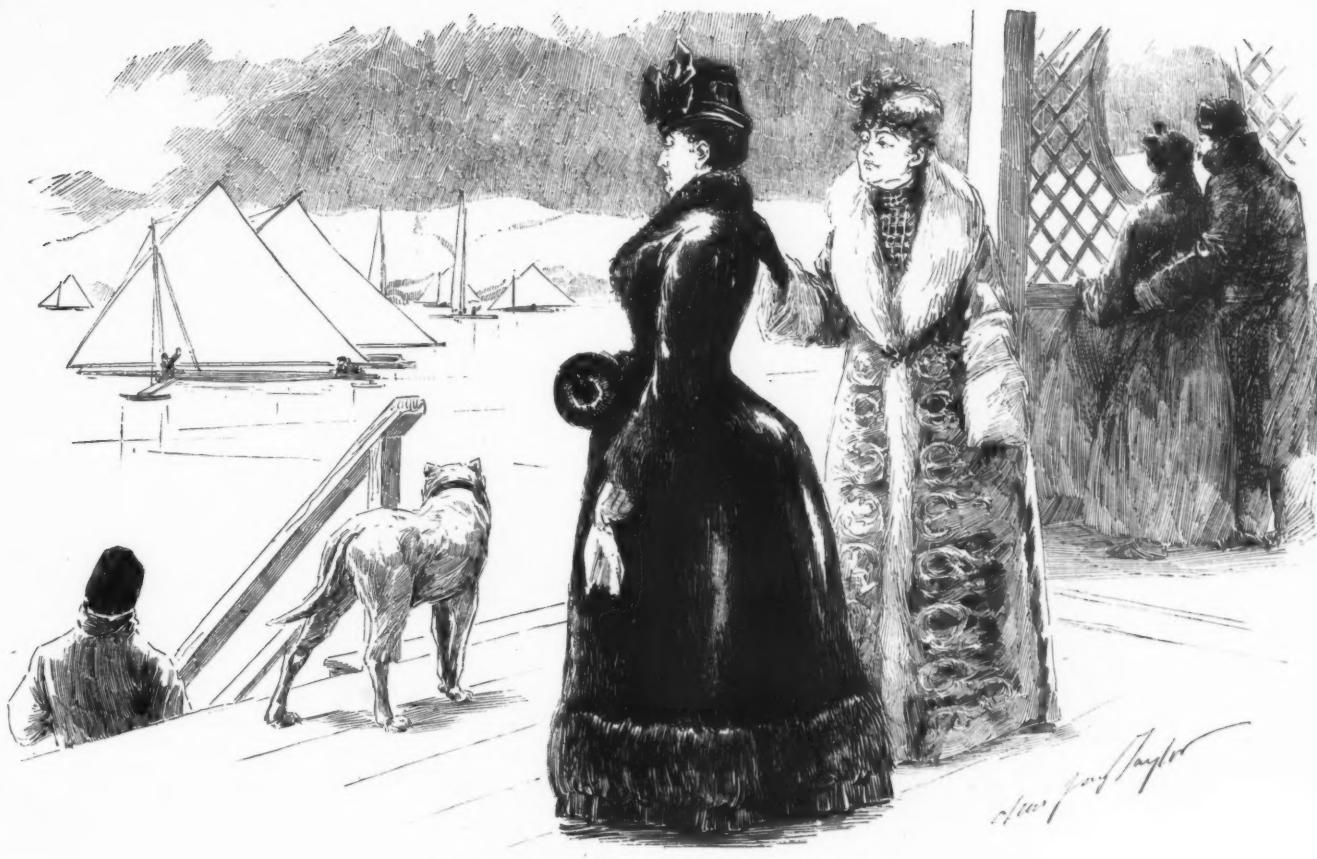
Getting Under Way.



A Knock-down.



Hove-to for Repairs.



THEIR KNOWLEDGE OF THE COUNTRY.

MISS STRATHMORE (*of Kensington Terrace, who has been invited to go ice yachting*).—I think it's awfully shabby of them not to send a boat ashore for us, after that cordial invitation!

MRS. STRATHMORE.—Elise, these American yachtsmen are boors!

STAGE PENMANSHIP.



BEFORE THE STAGE becomes so elevated that we can not see it, I wish to make a suggestion. The present style of stage penmanship is demoralizing; witness: Enter R. U. E., beautiful but misguided heroine, (though she will probably R. U. E. it before the play is over; but never mind that, now,) accompanied stealthily by handsome villain in a painfully audible check suit of clothes, and with a "concealed weapons" appearance, with whom she has concluded to elope.

But M. H. advances falteringly to black walnut centre table with gilt ornamentation and writing material upon it. She falters some more; but, upon H. V. becoming impatient and saying, "Come, do you doubt meh love?" just as the author of the play directs him to do, she decides with a despairing gasp, thereby giving the audience to understand that they really don't know how trying this sort of thing is, quickly seizes the pen, makes one fell swoop at the defenseless ink bottle, and then reads to the audience, in a tearful and tremulous voice, as she writes:

"Farewell to my dear parents, home and friends. I go bravely out into the world with him whom I love best, and who has sworn to love, protect, and make a lady of me. Forgive me—I could not be happy here. Think of me as one dead to you all."

Now this is apparently written as rapidly as judicious modulation and correct accent will permit her to repeat it, and it must necessarily be illegible. She does not take her pen from the paper while writing; but slides it across the sheet in a "through train" manner, which necessarily precludes the slight attentions usually shown to the 't's and 'i's and other features, and gives the audience the impression that she is only making believe and does n't know how to write. She might write the letter in a cold silence, broken only by several dark-colored sinister chuckles from the villain, and then read it to him as he stands near her with a sarcastic smile upon his handsome mug, and the audience, being concealed in front of the footlights, would thus get the benefit of her epistolary effort.

No wonder her poor old gray-haired father gives a horrified start as he glances at this letter, and then gets a weakness in his back and has to sit down and rest, while the country lover of his daughter, who is not a villain, reads it for him. I don't believe even he could read it, unless he knew about it beforehand.

I never saw a stage letter; but I think it must resemble a telegraphic dispatch written in its own native language.

The old man may toss off a glass of home-brewed ale in a way that shows plainly there was nothing in the glass; the heroine may be reduced to the direst poverty and still wear diamond ear-rings; and the villain may pause in his most impassioned utterance and listen, with the audience, for the mellow cadence of the prompter; the leading juvenile may use a roll of green advertising slips to represent untold wealth; the faithful servant of the first act may appear in act two without noticeable alteration in his make-up, as an unprincipled wretch, with a deplorable appetency in the direction of homicide, and they may still exclaim: "Ah! here he comes now!" by way of heralding the approach of a new character; but stage letters should be characterized by less haste and greater probable legibility.

H. L. Wilson.

WHY FRIENDSHIP WAS POSSIBLE.

MISS FANNY T. PHAYRE (*after the proposal*).—It is impossible, Mr. Askin! But though this refusal may bring you pain, I hope that we may meet in the future as friends.

MR. ASKIN (*bitterly*).—Oh, that is quite possible. There seems no chance now of our ever meeting as relations!

THE LION OF THE LADIES.

MRS. MORBID.—I have called, sir, to offer some words of sympathy to the unfortunate wife-murderer in Cell 1001.

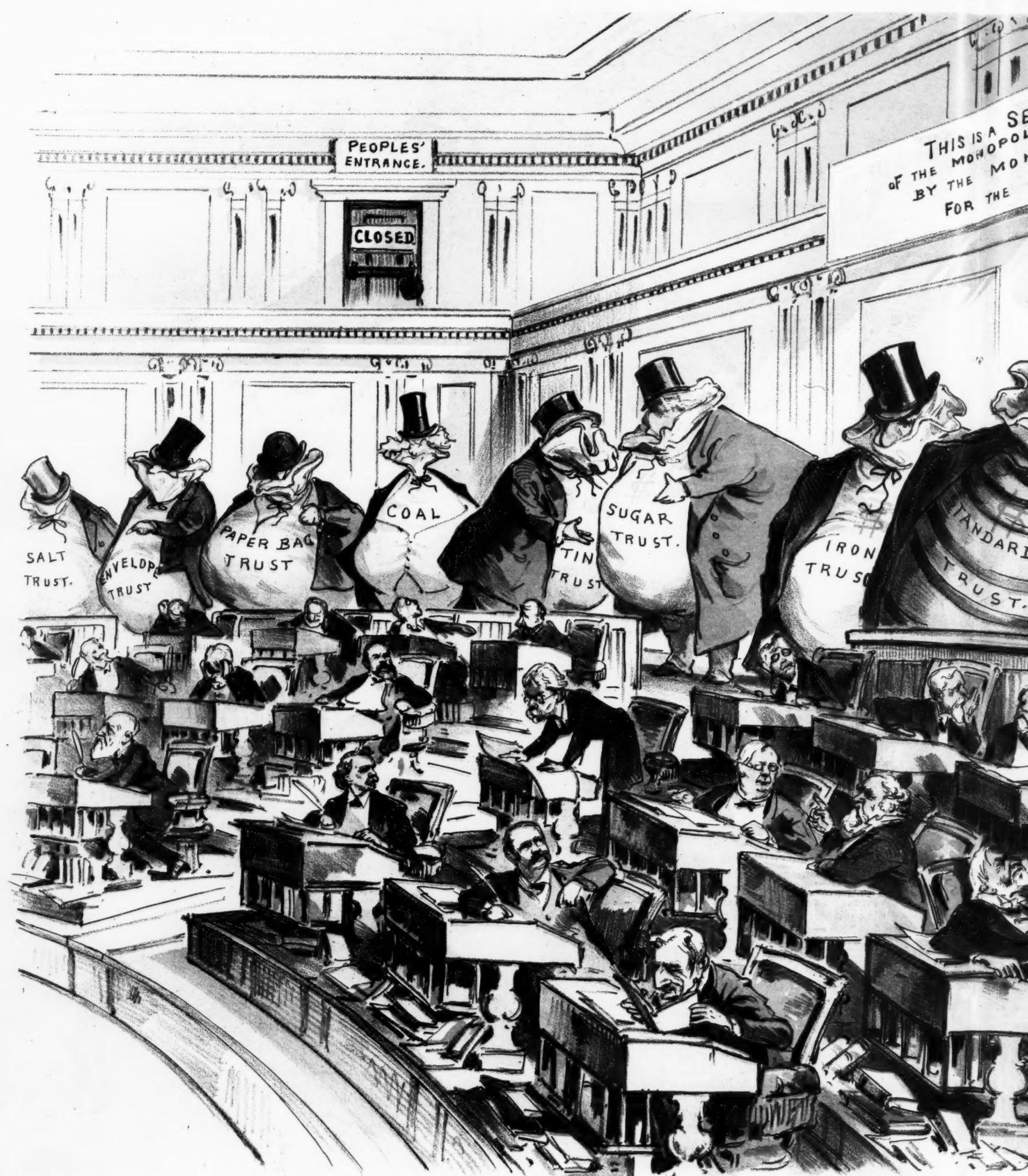
PRISON OFFICIAL.—Take a chair, madam. As soon as a new block of six is made up, we will dismiss the ladies who are calling on him now. Our corridors are very narrow, you know.



A BRILLIANT PROSPECT.

ABSENT-MINDED MAN (*in a bob-tail car*).—Conductor, I think I dropped a five-dollar gold piece in the box instead of a nickel.

STREET CAR DRIVER.—Well, sit down in the corner and ride it out. I'm very busy just now, and can't be bothered.



'UCK.



OF THE SENATE.

DOMESTIC NOTES.

PROMINENT WRITERS appear to have arrived at the conclusion that, on becoming a parent, a woman loses what little brains she previously possessed. The inference is, perhaps, a natural one; therefore, a few more plain, practical hints on the care of children—hints that are drawn from a large and bitter experience—may not be unwelcome to this unfortunate class of people.

THE BEST THING to remove dirt from a child's face and hands is soap and water. Apply early and often.

WHEN A CHILD leans from an open window, see that its heels are lower than its head. The law of gravitation makes this necessary.

THE PROPER TIME to give a child his dinner is when it is ready. The child will probably let you know if he is ready before the dinner is.

WHEN A SMALL BOY falls downstairs, pick him up first, and admonish him afterward. He can listen better, and you get a firmer hold.

IF A CHILD insists on crying, let him do it until you are able to strip him. It is healthy, and expands the lungs.

CHILDREN MUST BE undressed at night, and have their clothes put on again in the morning. This becomes tiresome, but seems unavoidable.

If these little notes are of service, they might be continued indefinitely. Occasions are continually arising where the head of a large family, who lacks ordinary common-sense, finds a manual of this kind invaluable.

E. L. C.

MYRA.—We do not know who was the originator of the saying, "Let well enough alone;" but it certainly was not any fashionable physician. May be it was some papa or husband who was tired of paying the f. p's. bills.



EXAMPLE IS CONTAGIOUS.

MR. PIMLEY.—For heaven's sake, Nathan, what are you going to do?

MRS. PIMLEY.—Depends on whether Rebecca hangs on that high "C" any longer!

THE O., O. S.

THE LIGHTS were burning low, and the room was filled with a mysterious, all-pervading air of serene contentment. The clock ticked on unheeded, its silvery chimes ringing out at intervals undisturbed. It seemed as though the earth were wrapped in a cloak of happy, joyful bliss, so perfect was the sense of pleasure unalloyed.

Suddenly, from a corner of the room, came a voice, stealing over the joyous stillness of the air like the sound of distant music.

"Dearest, don't you think it's growing late?"

"Ye-es, George, love."

"It must be after ten o'clock, my angel."

"Ye-e-es, George, dear."

"Had n't I better go, sweetheart?"

"No, no, NO!"

And then, over them all, fell a cloud of sweetness so heavy that it might have been borne away in a scoop-shovel.

W. H. Wassell.

WHERE HE CAUGHT IT.

"You say you have hay fever? When did you catch it?"

"Yes, I have Hay fever, and I caught it reading his life of Lincoln in the *Century*."

THE ELECTRIC AGE.

NEW YORK SHERIFF (*to CONDEMNED MURDERER, very courteously*).—Permit me to lead you out for the volts?

HOW SHALL we give our boys a taste for elevating and refining books? Buy a few more Sunday papers with full descriptions of Whitechapel murders, and comic actresses, and talk over the things in their presence.

A STARTLING ILLUSION.

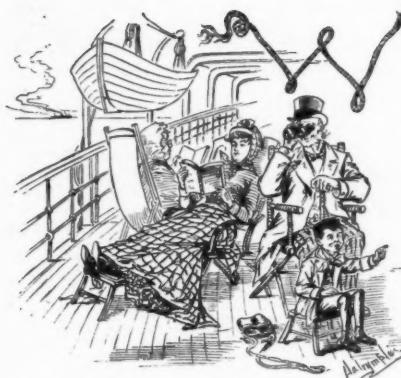


ROCKAWAY BEECHE (meeting HOFFMAN HOWES as he comes down the avenue).—Why, how are you, ole fel?



—I'm just going out in the country for a day or two.

JIM.



HEN Mr. Hankinson-Boomwhifter went to Europe with his family last spring, a friend presented one of his daughters with a pet dog about two months old. He was a cute little fellow, and created any amount of merriment, by his quaint antics on the ship, until almost every other young woman envied Miss Hankinson-Boomwhifter her merry quadruped.

The dog's name was a very long undulating, scraggy German word with prongs on it. But he was only called by the first

syllable, it being the intention of the owner to add a syllable as the dog increased in size, just to see if the canine would ever be large enough to wear it all at once. The dog capered about so lively in the cabin that many passengers thought he was enjoying a fit. He would take a long run, and keep increasing his speed until he would go off his feet entirely and slide along the floor on his spinal column.

All the dog seemed to care for was eating. It seemed impossible to satisfy him; and he began growing so rapidly, that many persons ventured the opinion that the dog was smaller than his appetite, and was increasing in size as fast as possible, in a wild effort to catch up to it, if possible. Some days the owner would add two syllables of the big German word to the dog's abridged name, and it began to look as though the animal would shortly bear its name in full, and have the growing capacity to enjoy another hitched to it with a hyphen.

When the ship reached Rotterdam, it was found necessary to remove the dog's collar, lest it suddenly grow too small and choke him. Whenever he howled, it was because of his growing pains, which must have been intense. When he would lie on the rug, and stretch, you could tell he was not elastic, because he would remain the length to which he stretched.

At the hotels he fast became a nuisance, because he frightened people by his wild pranks, and was much too large for a pet dog. But the Misses Hankinson-Boomwhifter thought him as lovely as a dog could possibly be. Having won every syllable of his name without an effort, it was determined to call him simply Jim.

While out walking in Antwerp, Jim upset a policeman, and was out of sight before that indignant could regain his feet. He was always in some mischief, and always keeping the Hankinson-Boomwhifters in a worry that he do some damage. Still he kept on growing, until the head of the family thought of taking him along on their journey in a big box.

Medora Hankinson-Boomwhifter would not listen to this. She would n't be so inhuman as to cage a lively growing dog in a box that he might outgrow at any moment, and be crushed to death through not being strong enough to burst it open when it closed in on him.

Jim grew more and more unmanageable. He was worse in Dresden than in Brussels; and worse in Munich than in Dresden and Brussels put together. Mr. Hankinson-Boomwhifter was literally beside himself whenever he saw or thought of Jim.

Finally he could stand him no longer. So one morning, while looking out of his hotel window in Vienna, the city of the schnitzel and the turquoise sausage, Mr. Hankinson-Boomwhifter conceived a blooming rosy idea, and said to himself:

"I will take Jim out for a walk, and lose him!"

After luncheon he asked his daughters if they did n't think Jim needed some exercise. They had to admit that they thought he did, for at that very moment he was running over the bed, and jumping from one trunk to another like an ibex.

So Jim was taken into the open air, and down to a leading thoroughfare, where he was led into the crowd by his now delighted owner, who slipped into a café, and was thus separated from the dog.

When he got back to the hotel alone, he was so happy that happiness was no name for it.

But he pretended he was broken-hearted on account of the loss of Jim in a great howling city. When he made known his misfortune, his daughters cried and had hysterics in turn.

"Oh, we 'll never see him again!" wailed Medora.

"And he will have an awful time!" sobbed Myrtilla; "because he does n't understand a word of German, except his ex-name."

"Oh, what shall we do, what shall we do?" moaned Mrs. Hankinson-Boomwhifter, wringing her hands in despair.

"I don't know!" replied her husband, with all the sadness he could command.

"Why don't you advertise a reward for him?" they all asked.

"I never thought of that before," he replied.

So that very day a reward was offered in one of the papers.

On the following day, Mr. Hankinson-Boomwhifter was really sadder than all his family together had been on the previous day. But he had to smile and skip about like a schoolboy on Friday afternoon, when he put the reward of twenty-five dollars into the hand of the man who brought Jim back safe and sound. And he was howling within like a maniac at the idea of being compelled to pay a reward for the return of the dog he purposely lost, although he smiled a smile of imitation joy while Jim climbed up his shirt-front and sent his teeth rippling through Mr. Hankinson-Boomwhifter's raw sienna whiskers.

R. K. M.

A SOCIETY SURPRISE.

MISS CULTURE.—I had no idea you were English, Mr. Standish; I thought you were an American.

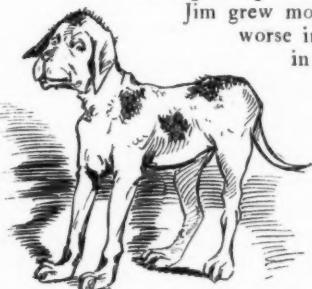
MR. STANDISH.—I am an Englishman born and bred.

MISS CULTURE.—Indeed! You speak remarkably good English for an Englishman.

BLESSED ARE THE MEEK, FOR THEY SHALL HAVE A BOOM.

THE REV. DR. LASTLY.—Sad indeed it is, Brother, that your efforts should bring down such abuse upon your head.

THE EDITOR-COLONEL.—H-m! I try to bear it with Christian resignation, Doctor. It helps to bring the *Wail of Distress* before the eyes of the ungodly, and — really, you have no idea how our circulation is increasing!



EARLY EDUCATION.

SALESMAN.—What can I do for you, Madam?

MRS. SILBERSTEIN.—I aind buyin' noddings. Leedle Saul's Popper said I should pring him down unt see der cash fly arount fer an objeckt lesson!

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Such as Sudden Chills, Cramp & Colic, by using

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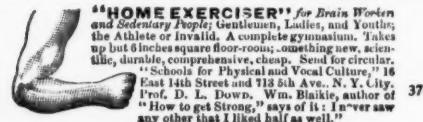
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TEACHING HER A LESSON.

UNCLE 'RASTUS (*who has caused the arrest of his wife for assault*).—I want yo' ter gib it to her, jedge; gib her de limick ob de law. Dis ain't de fust time she 'saulted me.

JUDGE.—I'm afraid, aunty, I'll have to fine you ten dollars.

AUNTY.—Well, yo' Honah, I ain't got ten cents.

JUDGE (*to Uncle 'Rastus*).—It'll be ten dollars, Uncle 'Rastus.

UNCLE 'RASTUS (*handing over the money with a bewildered look as who should say, This may be right or this may be wrong*).—All right, jedge; dere's de money. (*To wife as they leave court together*).—Dar, ole woman, I trus' dis yere spe-rience'll l'arn yo' a lesson what yo' won' fergit.—*Harper's Bazaar*.

FIRST SALE.—Contributed.

Two poets meet, and the following conversation ensues:

"Ha! how are you, old boy? And how is the verse market these days?"

"I have ceased to write poetry."

"You have?"

"Yes. I have gone into the furniture business."

"The furniture business?"

"Yes."

"And have you sold any?"

"Yes; I have sold my own."—*Exchange*.

REV. HEBER NEWTON thinks the world needs a new religion. If he refers to a brand of theology that will permit a young man to attend a church fair without being seduced into paying five dollars for a ten-cent pincushion, he will find many persons to agree with him in his belief.—*Norris's New Hera'd*.

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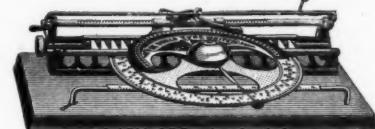
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*Both Miss Orr and Mr. McGurkin used the Remington Typewriter.

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It is said that one of New York's "boodle Aldermen", gave his barber fifteen dollars for New Year's. It was probably "hush" money.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

POLISH helps a man in society, but not when it is on his coat.—*Boston Courier*.

It is easy to love your neighbor as yourself if your neighbor happens to be a pretty girl.—*Ex.*

"ANOTHER lie nailed," said a clerk as he nailed a "Selling Out at Cost" sign on the door.—*Life*.

POVERTY is said to be a cure for dyspepsia. Let's have dyspepsia!—*Boston Courier*.

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THE chore man has had a soft snap this winter so far; he has had no snow to shovel, and has been able to give his whole mind to keeping the furnace choked with coal and the temperature of the house a few degrees above that of Sheol.—*Boston Com'l Bulletin*.

PATTI says plenty of sleep is the secret of preserving one's beauty. That accounts for Philadelphia having such handsome policemen.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

You can not expect a man to tell which way the wind is, simply because he is a little vain.—*Boston Com'l Bulletin*.

MRS. WESTWARD, of Chicago, said her husband tried almost every thing; but never made money until he tried lard.—*Exchange*.

If it comes to blows, Dakota is bound to come into the Union.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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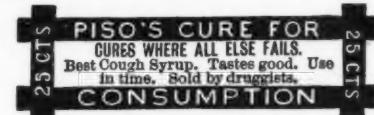
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KLUBBY.—Modern Gall.—*Town Topics*.

"An actor settles a board bill" is the headline in a Chicago newspaper. This may be startling and interesting information in the city by the lake; but on the seaboard the board bill usually settles the actor.—*Boston Post*.

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MISS MURRAY HILLS.—I am one of McAllister's Four Hundred.

ENGLISH TOURIST.—Is he a Mormon, pray?—*Town Topics*.

For complete catalogue of PUCK'S LIBRARY, see page 353 of PUCK of January 16.

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When you see a score or two of cutters chalking out and cutting clothes for hundreds of customers, and a small army of delivery messengers constantly going and coming, and when this place happens to be on the Bowery, you will know at once that Arnhem's Renowned Tailoring Establishment is before you.

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of "PUCK'S LIBRARY" No. 20 ("Hi! Art"), will close on Friday, February 1st. The circulation of PUCK'S LIBRARY is now

36,000 Copies.

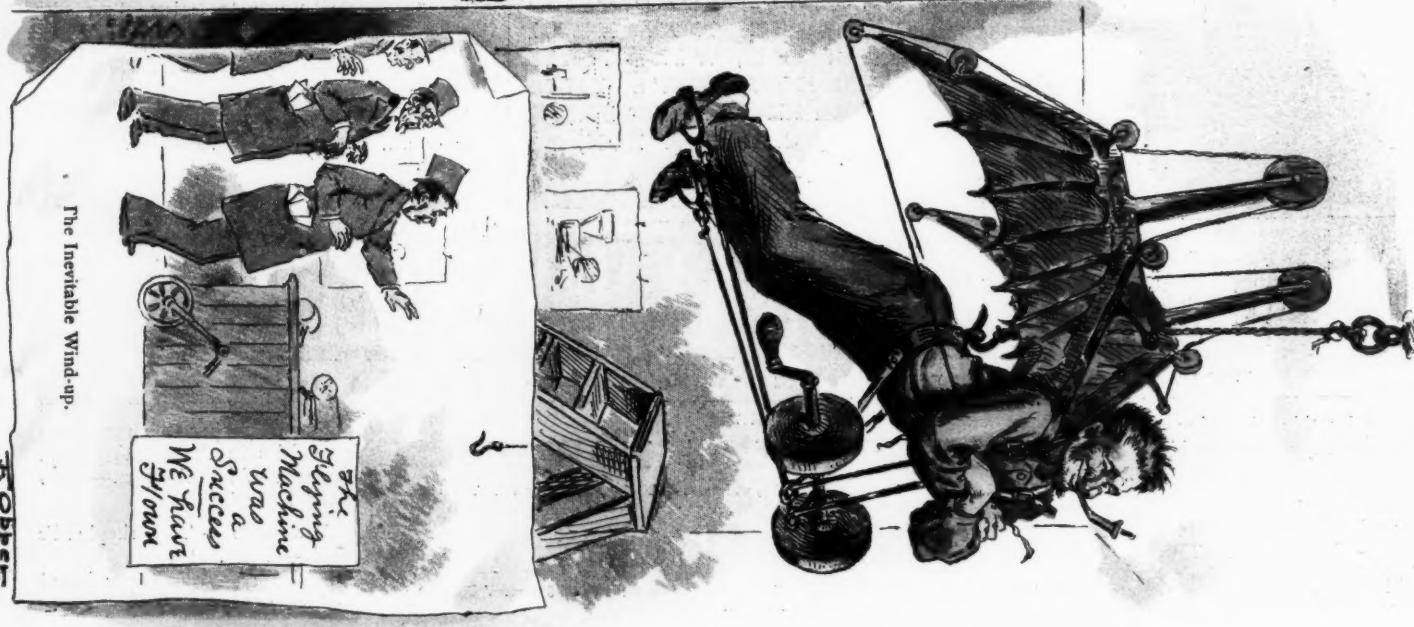
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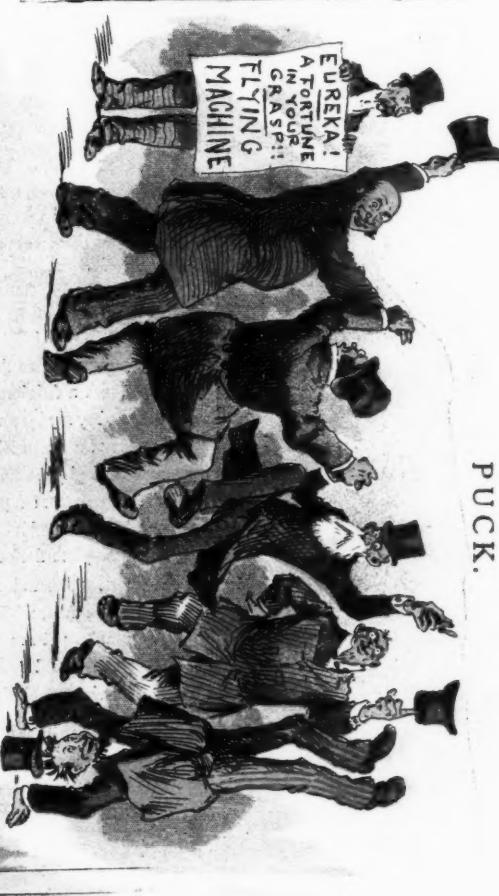
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